

place along with La Salle, Marquette, and other heroes of the Church of whom Macauley, the historian, says: "In the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Spice Islands, in the observatories of China, they were to be found." They made converts in the regions which neither avarice, nor curiosity, had tempted any of their countrymen to enter."

The County Democrat has the following: "Rev. Father Felix De Grasse was elected Abbot of Sacred Heart Abbey last week, to fill the vacancy caused by the death in Paris, France, of the beloved and lamented Rev. Abbot Thomas Dupéron. Father Felix has been a missionary among the Osage and Pottawatomie Indians for nearly a quarter of a century, and can speak their language as fluently as he can his native tongue. Wherever he went he built churches, schools and convents, and today in nearly every county in Oklahoma these powerful agencies of civilization stand as monuments of his ceaseless energy and self-sacrifice.— Father Felix is a singularly gifted character, he is free from all personal ambition and self-seeking.

"Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns disgraced,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise."

Although his calling is essentially one of peace, he comes from good fighting stock, being a grand-nephew of the renowned Count De Grasse of Revolutionary fame, who did so much for the cause of American independence.— Every condition in life has its hero, but in the noble features and generous character of Father Felix, we behold the hero of all conditions standing upon the unperishable monument of his unselfish deeds and crowned with all the

virtues that good men love. The Benedictine Fathers of Sacred Heart honored themselves in the selection of their new Abbot."

To all this, the "*Advocate*" adds but a few words, to-wit: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing which you cannot review with a quiet conscience on your death-bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing if death should surprise you in the act.

One of our morning contemporaries says:

"The Indian is not poor, but like the poor, he is always with us, and is always costing us money. In fact, the red man, though steadily diminishing in number, is constantly growing more expensive. In 1870 there were 300,000 Indians in the country, in 1890 there were only 230,000. Nine years ago, in 1889, the Indian appropriations were \$5,401,330. In 1898 they are to be \$7,520,204."

The Indians were the owners of this broad land of ours, justly observes the *Kansas City Catholic*, and the "*cost*" to us for this domain is not great. But that the Indians are now "growing more expensive," meaning the added \$2,125,874 in the above is no portion of the "*cost*" of the Indian or of our immense domain, but it is the "*cost*" of nonsectarianism over the cost of Christianity. The added *cost* is the extra *cost* necessary for the nonreligious schooling that will demoralize the Indians of the future, and lead them to a paganism far worse than their original Heathenism. This over two millions is the extra *cost* of nonreligious schools over the cost of religious schools, that would make the children of the Indians grow up good and civilized men and women. Thus does this nonsectarianism injure everything it touches, temporally as well as spiritually.